

The
**FAITHFULL
SHEPHERDESSE.**

Acted at
SOMERSET-HOUSE,

Before the KING and QUEEN on
 Twelfth Night, 1633.

And divers times since, with great
 Applause, at the Private House in
 Black-Friers, by his Majesties
 Servants.

believe it

Written by JOHN FLETCHER.

believe it

The Fifth Edition.



believe it

London,

Printed for *G. Bedell* and *T. Collins*, at the Middle
 Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1665.

March 3, 1665.

Licensed,

Roger L'Estrange.

To my Friend Mr. John Fletcher upon his
Faithful Shepherdes.

I Know too well, that, no more then the man
That travels through the burning Desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find,
Ere he be flack'd ; no more can he, whose mind
Joyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write :
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own,
Why shoud the man, whose wit ne're had a stain,
Upon the publick Stage present his vain,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the Laws
Which they shoud judge by, nor the parties cause ?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicate faith.
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black :
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute ;
Some like as he does in the fairest suite ;
He as his Mistres doth, and she by chance :
Nor wants there those, who, as the Boy doth dance
Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play ;
Some, if the Wax-lights be not new that day ;
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong, according to the Actors cloaths.
For this, these publick things and I agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perswaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill spoken Lines, into the world,

Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Verse sensieless Prose :
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well :
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay.
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides, one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurer's now must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Then half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To my Loved Friend Mr John Fletcher,
on his Pastoral.

*C*an my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks ?
Whose unknown name and Muse (in swarthing cloaths)
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flowers
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent Verse that lets alone her vice ?

But I must justify what privately,
I censured to you : my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to Poetrie)
To live to perfect such a work as this,
Clad in such elegant propriety
Of words including a morality.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that bears,
(And Learning has enough to clap and hiss)
Arrives not to't ; so misty it appears,
And to their film'd reasons so amiss :
But let Art look in truthe, she, like a mirror,
Reflects her consort. Ignorance's terror.

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
Of her unnatural complexion,
As ugly women (when they are array'd
By glasses) loath their true reflection?
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their own deformity?

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
And (once) I fear'd her, till I met a mind
Whose grave Instructions Philosophical
Toss'd is like dust upon a March strong wind:
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embrac'd doctrine grow in me.

His soul (and such commend this) that commands
Such Art, it should me better satisfie,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands,
And drawn'd the Scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, let their own names to clear 'em,
Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.

Nath. Field.

To the Worthy Author, M. Jo. FLETCHER.

The wise, and many headed Bench, that sits
Upon the Life and Death of Plays and Wits,
(Compos'd of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's man,
Lady, or Pupil, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or Taffetas Cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shops Foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his six-pence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play, and more.
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for; and came to.
I, that am glad thy Innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses blood were spilt
In such a Martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered Poems: which shall rise,
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or Moths shall eat, what all these Fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

To his loving Friend, M^r Jo. FLETCHER.

There are no sureties (good friend) will be taken
For works that vulgar-good-name hath forsaken,
A Poem and a Play too ! why 'tis like
A Scholar that's a Poet : their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill out-right : one cannot both fates bear.
But, as a Poet that's no Scholar, makes
Vulgarity his Whiffler, and so takes
Passeage with easeland state through both fides praese
Of pageant-seers : or as scholars please
That are no Poets, more then Poets learn'd,
Since their Art solely is by souls discern'd,
The others fall within the common sence,
And sheds (like common light) her influence :
So, were your Play no Poem, but a thing
That every Cobler to his Patch might sing,
A rout of nibles (like the multitude)
With no one Limb of any Art endu'd,
Like would to like, and praise you : but because,
Your Poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy Laws of homely Pastoral,
Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs, and semy-gods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes ;
Where forrests flourish but in endless Verse,
And Meadows, nothing fit for purchasers,
This Iron Age that eats it self, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others, ever
Lov'd as it self : then like your Book do you
Live in old Peace: and that far praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.

Unto his worthy Friend, M^r JOSEPH TAYLOR,
upon his Presentment of the Faithful Shepherdess
before the King and Queen, at White-hall,
on Twelfth night.

When this smooth Pastoral was first brought forth,
The Age 'twas born in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame, and new birth achiev'd.
Happy in that shee found in her distres,
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess.
For having cur'd her from her conser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and mad'st her be
A fitting Spectacle for Majestie.
So have I been a clouded beauty, dreſt
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pomp, then thine own action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this Ile prophesie, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of *Elysium*
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous Actors, and quick Dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,
The blessed Consort of that numerous Train,
Shall rise with an applause, and entertain
Thy happy welcom, causing thee sit down,
And with a Laurel-wreath thy temples crown.
And mean time, while this Poem shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized.
For it is just, that thou, who first didſt give
Unto this Book a life, by it shouldſt live.

SHACK. MARMYON.

This Dialogue newly added, was
spoken by way of Prologue to both
their Majesties at the first Acting of
this Pastoral at Somerset-houſe
on Twelfth-night, 1633.

Priest.

A Broyling Lamb on Pans chief Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Censer, Virge, and Incense by;
But I delay'd the precious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a gentle Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatening shaft from vext Diana's Bow,
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Bless then that Queen, that doth his eyes invite,
And ears, t' obey her Scepter, half this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such wolumes, as shall make Her sway
Seem easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcom as Peace's unwalled Cities, when
Famine and Sword leave them more graves than men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-daisies Sun to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold.
As Shore to sh' Pilot in a safe known Coast
When's Card is broken, and his Rudder lost.

The



THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

Aetus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdess, having buried her
Love in an Arbour.*

Ail, holy earth, whose cold arms do imbrace
the truest man that ever fed his flocks
by the fat plains of fruitful *Theffaly*.
H
Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
my early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
to thy still loved ashes ; thus I free
my self from all ensuing heats and fires
of love : all sports, delights, and jolly games
that Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
with youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
no more the company of fresh fair maidis,
and wanton Shepherds be to me delightfule ;
nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
under some shady dell, when the cool wind
playes on the leaves : all be far away,
since thou art far away ; by whole dear side
how often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
for summer Queen, whil'st every Shepherds boy
puts on his lusty green, with gaudy book
and hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
and all are dead but thy dear memory ;
that shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring,
whilst there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.

B

And

And here will I in honour of thy love,
 dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joyes
 that former times made precious to mine eyes,
 onely rememb'ring what my youth did gain
 in the dark, hidden vertuous use of herbs :
 that will I practise, and as freely give
 all my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the Remedies
 in men or cattel, be they stung with Snakes,
 or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
 or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat
 grown wilde or lunatick, their eyes or ears
 thickned with misty film of dulling Rheume,
 these I can cure, such secret vertue lies
 in Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand :
 my meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
 berries, and chesnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
 the Sun fits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 pull'd from the fair heap of the straight grown pine,
 on these I feed with free content, and rest,
 when night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Satyre. Through yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods have I run,
 Whose bottom never kist the Sun
 Since the lusty Spring began,
 All to please my master *Pan*,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him fruit ; for at a feast
 He entertains this coming night
 His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright :
 But behold a fairer sight ! *He stands amazed.*
 By that heavenly form of thine,
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the Gods : for in thy face
 Shines more awfull majesty, *Then*

Then dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live : therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity ;
Deign it, Goddess, from my hand,
To receive what ere this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits : and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day nere grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of *Bacchus* ; nuts more brown
Then the Squirrels teeth that crack them :
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasp'd knee to clime ;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong :
Till when humbly leave I take,
Left the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad Beeches shade :
I must go, I must run
Swifter, then the fiery Sun.

Exit.
Clo.

4. - *The faithful Shepherdess.*

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee; what greatness, or what private hidden power, is there in me to draw submission from this rude man and beast? sure I am mortified to see the daughter of a Shepherd; he was mortal; and she that bore me mortal: prick my hand, and it will bleed: a fever shakes me, and the self same wind that makes the young lambs shrink, makes me acold: my fear says I am mortal: yet I have heard (my mother told it me) and now I do believe it, if I keep my virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair, of no Goblin, wood-god, fairy, Elf, or Fiend, or other power that haunts the groves, shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion draw me to wander after idle fires, or voices calling me in dead of night, to make me follow, and so tole me on, through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine: else why should this rough thing, who never knew manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats are rougher then himself, and more mishapen, thus mildly kneel to me? sure there is a power in that great name of virgin, that binds fast all rude uncivil bloods, all appetites that break their confines: then strong chastity, be thou my strongest guard; for here I lie dwell in opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, with four couple of young Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival in honour of our great god, and his rights, perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste and uncorrupted fires: that as the priest with his pure and holy water, with powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows from all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free, Kneel, Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of Pan.

Priest. Shepherd, thus I purge away,

what

whatsoever this great day,
or the past hours gave not good,
to corrupt your mayden blood :
from the high rebellious heat
of the grapes, and strength of meat ;
from the wanton quick desites
they do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water,
be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your liver and your veins
thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
be yefresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
through your purged conduits beat,
or a plighted troth be broken,
or a wanton verse be spoken
in a Shepherdeses ear ;
go your ways, ye are all clear.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

*Sing his praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan the Father of our sheep ;
And arms in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neigbouring ground
Fills the musick with her sound.*

*Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing :
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.*

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

*Peri. Stay gentle Amoret, thou fair brow'd maid,
thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee deer,*

equal

6 *The faithful Shepherdess.*

equal with his souls good.

Amo. Speak, I give
thee freedom, Shepherd, and thy tongue be still,
the same it ever was; as free from ill,
as he whose conversation never knew
the Court or City: be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
first let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
that being left alone without a guard,
the wolf, or winters rage, Summers great heat,
and want of water,rots, or what to us
of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
and in their general ruine let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle Shepherd, wish not so,
I do believe thee: tis as hard for me
to think thee false, and harder than for thee
to hold me foul. *Peri.* O you are fairer far
then the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
that guides the wandering Seaman thorow the deep,
straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
head of an aged mountain, and more white
than the new milk we strip before day light
from the full fraughted bags of our fair flocks:
your hair more beautious than those hanging locks
of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd be not lost,
y're said too far already from the coast
of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
even that fair hand in hostage? do not then
give back again those sweets to other men,
you your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maydens modesty
may give assurance, I am once more thine,
once more I give my hand; be ever free
from that great foe to Faith, foul Jealousie.

Peri.

The faithful Shepberdes.

7

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
for stronger confirmation of our love,
to meet this happy night in that fair grove,
where all true Shepberdes have rewarded been
for their long service : say, sweet, shall it hold ?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
a doubt of what the silent night may doe,
coupled with this days heat to move your bloud :
maids must be fearful ; sure you have not been
wash'd white enough : for yet I see a stain
stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
my self and my affections are as pure
as those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
of the great *Dian* : only my intent
to draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
with enterchange of mutual chaste imbraces,
and ceremonious tying of our selves :
for to that holy wood is consecrate
a vertuous Well, about whose flowry banks
the nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds
by the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
their stolen children, so to make them free
from dying flesh, and dull mortality ;
by this fair fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
and given away his freedom, many a troth
been plighted, which neither envy, nor old time
could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
in hope of coming happiness ; by this
fresh Fountain many a blushing maid
hath crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd
with gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Layes of his love and dear captivity ;
there grows all herbs fit to cool looter flames
our sensual parts provoke, chiding our blouds,
and quenching by their power those hidden sparks
that else would break out, and provoke our sense
to open fires, so vertuous is that place :
then, gentle Shepberdes, believe and grant ;
in troth it fits not with that face to scant
your

your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires
he ever asym'd at, and —

Amo. Thou haft prevail'd; farewell; this coming night
shall crown thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good
thou haft given thy poor Shepherd: fairest bud
of mayden vertues, when I leave to be
the true admirer of thy chastity,
let me deserve the hot polluted name
of the wild woodman, or affect some dame,
whose often prattition hath begot
more foul diseases, then ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
and deadly vapour from his angry breath,
filling the lower world with plague and death. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd
what I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigos*,
and would be gladder to be lov'd again,
then the cold earth is in his frozen arms
to clip the wanton spring: nay doe not start,
nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
the prime of our young grooms, even the top
of all our lusty Shepherds: what dull eye
that never was acquainted with desire,
hath seen thee wattle, run, or cast the stope
with nimble strength and fair delivery,
and hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
sent secret heat to all the neighbouring venules?
who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
that freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
one to be numbred in this company,
since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdess, much pity I can find

The faithfull Shepherdess.

to your complaints I but figure I shall not love :
all that is mine, my self and my best hopes,
are given already : do not love him then
that cannot love again : *as other men*
beflow those hearts more free, that may return
you fire for fire, and is one flame equal buri.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
for my affection, most unkind of men ?
If I were old, or had agreed with *Are*
to give another nature to my cheeks,
or were I common Mistress to the *love*
of every Swain, or could I with such ease
call back my love as many a swain doth,
thou mightst refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and set; let it not be
a sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
the love of silly maid.

Peri. Fair soul, ye use
these words to little end: for know, I may
better call back that time was *yesterday*,
or stay the coming night, then bring my love
home to my self again, or recreate proven
I will no longer hold you wide delayed
this present night I have appointed been
to meet that chaste fair (that enjoys my soul)
in yonder Grove, there to make up our loves:
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again
these neighbouring plains have many a comedy swain,
fresher and freer than I ere was,
beflow that love on them, and let me pass,
Farewel, be happy in a better choice.

Amaril. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,
then if the angry heavens with their quick flames
had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee, boy,
though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
be infinite: There is a Shepherd dwells
down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
more sullen discontent then *Sarmis* brow,
when he frowning on the births of men:

One, that doth wear himself away in lonenes, and never joys, unless it be in breaking the sworne troth he the holy plighted troth of mutual souls: and a wretched woful one that lusts after every several beauty, and a swolgent woful but never yet was knowne to louse or like: whom woful were the face fairest, or more full of truth, than all these may then *Phabes* in her fulness, or the youthes: I think Newell of smooth *Lyans*; whose nigh starved flockes are always scabby, and infect all sheep they feed withal; whose lambs are ever last, than woful to die before their weaning; and whose dog looks like his Master, lean, and full of scars, not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may (if he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder, forcing me passage to my long desires: and here he comes, as fitly to my purpose as my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil, thus to be partner of your lonenes: 'twas my love (that ever working passion) drew me to this place to seek some remedy for my sick soul: be not unkind and fair, for such the mighty *Cupid* in his doots hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room to my consuming fires, that so I may not injoy my long desires, and so allay those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound, as thy words seem to be, means might be found to cure thee of thy long pains: for to me that heavie youth-consuming misery the love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing, I could be well content with the quick easing of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Sull. Name but that great work, danger, or what can be compast by the wit or Art of man, and if I fail in my performance, may I never more kneel to the rising day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd; this same night that

that now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
have promis'd equal love, and do appoint
to make you wood the place where hands and hearts
are to be ty'd for ever : break their meeting,
and their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Tell me their names, and if I do not move
(by my great power) the center of their love
from his fixt being, let me never more
warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.

Amor. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
and give thee fit directions for thy work. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
after this holy feast I pass unknown
and unsaluted ? 'twas not wont to be
thus frozen with the younger company
of jolly Shepherds : 'twas not then held good,
for lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
with that dull humour, most unfit to be
the friend of man, cold and dull chaste,
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
or else not free enough, or from my fold
drive not a flock sufficient great, to gain
the greedy eye of wealth-alluring swain :
Yet if I may believe what others say,
my face has soyl enough, nor can they say
justly too-strict a coyneis to my charge ;
my flocks are many, and the downs as large
they feed upon : then let it ever be
their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
makes me complain.

Enter Thunes.

Thes. Was ever man but I
thus truly taken with uncertainty ?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
made up in constancy, and dares not find
his love rewarded ? Here let all men know
a wretch that lives to love his Mistres so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay ; where hast thou been ?
or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green
as any, air likewise as fresh and sweet.

as where smooth *Zephyrus* playes on the fierst
face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
as the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
here be all new delights, cool firsams and wells,
arbours are-grown with woodbirds, caves, and dells;
choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
or gather rushes to make many a ring
for thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
how the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a Grove,
first saw the boy *Endymion*, from whose eyes
she took eternal fire that never dyes;
how she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
his temples bound with poppy, to the steep
head of old *Latmus*, where she stoope each night,
gilding the mountain with her brother's light
to kiss her sweetest. *The. Par.* from the are there
hot flashes bred, from wanton heat and eale,
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
to the soft ear of Maids, are strange to me;
only I live to admire a chaylty,
that neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
could ever break upon, to suit the mold
Is that her mind was cast in? 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
by, breath and move, 'tis she, and only she
can make me happy, orgive me tyme.

Clo. Good Shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
to whom this dear obseruance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her vertue learn to square
and level out your life: for to be fair
and nothing vertuous, only fits the eye
of gaudy youth, and swelling affititie.
Then know, there's call'd the virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
and now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
she hath vow'd her self into the holy toll
of strict virginity; 'tis her I to admire,
not any looser blood or new desire.

Clo. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must

I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
to some free action : give me him dare love
at first encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The Song.

Come, Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay,
whilst the gentle sunne doth stay.

Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raize in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.

Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another : better be my speed,
thou god of blood. But certain, if I read
not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
that onely dare salute, but were could be
brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
we all are born for ; one that makes loving faces,
and could be well content to cover graces,
were they not got by boldnes ; in this thing
my hopes are frozen ; and but fate doth bring
him hither, I would sooner choose
a man made out of snow, and freer use
an eunuch to my ends : but since he's here,
thus I attempt him. Thou, of men most deare,
hath been content to live : here boldly take
my hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
was given away to any ; and but fit
down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull of bold roses
fresh blossomes from the boughs, or quickly call up
the

the choicest delicates from yonder mead,
to make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
under our fainting bodies, when delight
shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory
he lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
of willing *Venus*! me thinks stronger charms
dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
more sweetnes than the painters can allow
to their best pieces: not *Narcissus*, he
that wept himself away in memory
of his own beauty, nor *Silvamus* boy,
nor the twice ravish't maid, for whom old *Troy*
fell by the hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
be otherwise compar'd, then some dead tree
to a young fruitful olive. *Daph.* I can love,
but I am loath to say so, lest I prove
too soon unhappy.

Clio. Happy thou wouldest say.
My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not; if the day
to thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
to all the world; Shepherd, I'le meet thee then,
when darknes hath shut up the eyes of men,
in yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting bold
Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
and tell me I. *Daph.* I am content to say so,
and would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
much from your fairenes, that you would be true.

Clio. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu: yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
to come this night, fear not to meet alone
that man that will not offer to be ill,
though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
of this worlds goodness: do not fear him then,
but keep your pointed time; let other men
set up their bloods to sale, thine shall be ever
fair as the soul it carries, and unchast never.

Exit.

Clio. Yet

Clos. Yet am I poorer than I was before,
Is it not strange, among so many a score
of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things
whose veins like a dull river far from springs,
is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
for stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
with their continual power upon his sides ?
O happy be your names that have been brides,
and tafted those rare sweets for which I pine :
and far more heavy be thy grief and time,
thou lazy swain, that maist relieve my needs,
then his, upon whose liver alwaies feeds
a hungry vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such beauty be
safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
the better part contemplates, giving rein
and wished freedom to the labouring vein ?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
the cause of your retirement, why ye go
thus all alone ? me thinkes the downs are sweeter,
and the young company of swaines far meeter,
then those forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not your self to lonenes, and those graces
hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
to live amongst us swains.

Clos. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my life I have not seen
a man in whom greater contents have been,
then thou thy self art : I could tell thee more,
were there but any hope left to restore
my freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
thou shamefast morning, when from *Titans* bed
thou risest ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her tongue,
my better angel ; force my name among
her modest thoughts, that the first word may be--

Clos. *Alexis*, when the sun shall kiss the sea,

taking

taking his rest by the white *Thonis* side, *Thonis* is a river in Egypt, and is said to meet in the holy Wood, where He abide in *Assyria* and *Phoenicia*,
thy coming, Shepherd, *Alex.* If I stay behind,
an everlasting dunes, and the wind,
that as he passeth by shuts up the stream
of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the Suns hot beam
beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
to coldness more than ice : oh how I burn
and rise in youth and fire ! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou day.

Exit.

Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail :
he that will we all-winds, must shift his sail.

Exit.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter an old Shepherd with a bell ringing, and
the Priest of *Psu* following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
fold your flocks up, for the Air
'gins to thicken, and the Sun
already his great course hath run :
See the dew-drops how they kiss
every little flower that is :
hanging on their velvet heads,
like a rope of chrystral beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
and bright *Hesperus* down calling
the dead night from under ground,
at whose rising mists unsound,
damps, and vapours fly apace,
hovering o're the wanton face
of these pastures, where they come,
striking dead both bud and bloom ;
therefore from such danger lock
every one his loved flock ;
and let your dogs lie loose without,
lest the Wolf come as a scout
from the mountain, and ere day
bear

bear a Lamb or Kid away ;
or the crafty thievish Fox
break upon your simple flocks ;
to secure your selves from these,
be not too secure in ease ;
let one eye his watches keep,
whilest the t' other eye doth sleep ;
so you shall good Shepherds prove,
and for ever hold the love
of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
and soft silence fall in numbers
on your eye-lids : so farewell ;
thus I end my evenings knell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cloris the Shepherdess, sorting of herbs,
and telling the nature of them.*

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
help'd by the power of the vertuous Moon
in her full light. O you sons of Earth,
you onely breed, unto whose happy birth
virtue was given, holding more of nature
then man her first-born and most perfect creature,
let me adore you ; you that onely can
help or kill nature, drawing out that span
of life and breath even to the end of time ;
you that these hands did crop long before prime
of day ; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clove*, bearing a yellow flower, and this
and this black Horehound ; both are very good
for sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood
dogs venom'd tooth. These *Ranunculus* branches are,
which stuck in entries, or about the bairn
that holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms,
were they *Medea's* verses, that do harm
to men or cattel. These for frenzie be
a speedy and a sovereign remedy,
the bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
such sympathy with mans good they do hold.
This *Tormentil*, whose vertue is to part
all deadly killing poison from the heart.
And here *Narcissus* root, for swellings best,

front

D

yellow

yellow *Lecimacuſ*, to give sweet reſt
to the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
all busie gnats, and every flie that hums, and may abouy the
For Leproſie, Darnel, and *Celandine*,
with Calamint, whose vertues do refine
the blood of man, making it free and fair
as the firſt hour it breath'd; or the beſt air, to make the ſkin healthie.
Here other two, but your rebellious wife
is not for me, whose goodneſs is abuse, I abuſed her to her bane
therefore, foul *Standergraf*, from me and mine,
I baniſh thee, with luttful *Turpeſtine*, an iſle conſtitute to thee
you that intice the veins, and ſtrike the heart: thiſtyle may no
to ciſil mutiny, ſcaling the ſeat
our reaſon ſtorcing, and detraciug theiſtyle may no
with dreams and wanter fancies, till the ſeſt
of burning luſt be quenched: by appetiſtyle may no
robbing the ſoul of bleſſedneſs and light, to newquay theiſtyle may no
And thou light *Vervin* too, thou muſt ge after, iſtyle may no
provoking eaſie ſouls to minſt and laughter: iſtyle may no
no more thall I dip them in water now, blad, eny gaw enyow
and ſprinkle every poſt, and every bough, iſtyle may no
with thy well-pleaſing juice, to make the grooms
ſwell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thineſtyle may no

The. This is the Cabin where the luſt of all
her ſex, that ever banifh'd, or ever ſhall banifh, iſtyle may no
give heat or happineſs to the ſhepherd's wife, iſtyle may no
doth onely to her worthy ſelf ſhake, beaſtly ſtyle may no
Thou bleſſed ſtar, I thank thee for thy light, iſtyle may no
thou by whos power the deruſe of fed night, iſtyle may no
is banifh'd from the earth, in whiche dull place, iſtyle may no
thy chaſter beaſt play on the heavy face, iſtyle may no
of all the world, making the blisſe aſſume, iſtyle may no
to ſee how cunningly thou doſt beguile, iſtyle may no
thy brother of his brightneſs, giving day, iſtyle may no
again from *Chas*, whiter then that way, iſtyle may no
that leads to *Fever* high Court, and chaſter far, iſtyle may no
then chaſtity it ſelf, you bleſſed ſtar, iſtyle may no
that nightly shines: Thou, all the conſtancy, iſtyle may no
that in all women way, or ere ſhall be, iſtyle may no

from

from whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire, whose single 13 instant
that Poets stile the mother of desire; infusing into every gentle breast
a soul of greater price, and far more blesse than any that dwelleth
than that quick power which gives a difference 'twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clor. Shepherd, how can't thou hither to this place? no way is troden, all the verdant graft
the spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
of any foot, only the daied Dace
far from the feared sound of crooked horn
dwels in this fastness. *Th.* Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion
into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
but hither am I come (believe me fair)
to seek you out, of whose great good the air
is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
breaks against heaven, and drives into a sound
the amazed Shepherd, that such virtue can
be resident in lesser then a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill
may cure thee of disease or feir'd ill,
whose grief or greyness to another's eye
may seem impossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *Th.* 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
no part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
this body holds; and yet a feller grief
then ever skilful hand did give relief
dwels on my soul, and may be heald by you,
fair beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then Shepherd, let me sue
to know thy grief; that man yet never knew
the way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

Th. Then fairest, know, I love you.

Clor. Swain, no more,
thou hast abus'd the strictnes of this place,
and offered Sacrilegious foul disgrace
to the sweet rest of these interred bones,

for fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
thou, and thy idle passions, that the sight
of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
thy very soul with horror. *Thou.* Let me not
(thou all perfection) merit such a blot
for my true zealous faith. *Glor.* Darst thou abide
to see this holy earth at once divide
and give her body up? for sure it will
if thou pursu'it with wanton flames to fill
this hallowed place; therefore repent, and go,
whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
that else would tell thee what it were to be
a rival in that virtuous love that he
imbaces yet. *Thou.* 'Tis not the white or red
inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
my mind to adoration; nor your eye,
though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
and smooth as *Perseus* shoulder; not the simile
lies watching in those dimples to beguile
the easie soul, your hands and fingers long
with veins inanel'd richly, nor your tongue,
though it spoke sweeter then *Orpheus* Harp,
your haft wove into many a curious warp,
able in endless error to infold
the wandering soul, nor the true perfect mould
of all your body, which as pure cloth shew
in Maiden whiteness as the Alpian snow.
All these, were but your constancy away,
would please me less, than a black stormy day
the wretched Seaman toiling through the deep,
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
though all the plagues that ere begotten were
in the great womb of air, were settled here
in opposition, I would like the tree,
shake off those drops of weakness, and be free,
even in the arm of danger. *Glor.* Wouldst thou have
me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,
those sparks that long ago were buried here,
with my dead friends cold ashes? *Thou.* Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;

Stand

stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint :
remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
the same Opinion speaks ye ; let not will,
and that great god of women, appetite,
set up your blood again ; do not invite
desire and fancy from their long exile,
to set them once more in a pleasing smile :
be like a rock made firmly up 'gaunt all
the power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
of *Naples* battery ; if ye yield, I die
to all affection ; 'tis that loyalty
ye tie unto this grave, I so admire ;
and yet ther's something else I wculd desire,
if you would hear me, but withal deny.

O Pan, what an uncertain destiny
hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire,
for if I longer stay, this double fire
will lick my life up. *Cler.* Do, let time wear out
what Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Thou. Farewel, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
for ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
thus to my self ; yet grant me leave to dwell
in kenning of this Arbor ; yon same dell
o're-topt with mourning Cypres and sad Yew
shall be my Cabin, where I'll early sue,
before the Sun hath lift this dew away,
the hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
upon this head. *Cler.* The gods give quick release,
and happy cure unto thy hard disease. *Excuse.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
for ne'r did my unconstant eye yet greet
that beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
than the new blossoms, when the morning air
blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
when many maiden blushes to our sight
shoot from his early face : were all these set
in some neat form before me, I wculd not get
the least love from me ; some desire it might,
or present burning : all to me in sight

are

are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown, or white, or bloud
virgin, or careles wanton, I can crown ~~you~~ ^{you} all with diamonds
my appetite with any ; swear as oft, as I will now, O with sighs
and weep, as any, melt my wordes as soft as wax, and turn me
into a maidens ears, and tell how long my heart did use to be
my heart has been her servant, and how strong my passion is,
my passions are : call her unkind and cruel, some maidens do
offer her all I have to gain the Jewel, maidens so highly prize
maidens so highly prize ; then loath, and fly : this do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter Amerillis.

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pas* bless both thy flock and thee,
for being mindful of thy word to me.

Sal. Welcom, fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
gives thee the self same wishes back again ;
who till this present hour ne'r knew that eye,
could make me crois mine arms, or daily die
with fresh consumings : boldly tell me then,
how shall we part their faithful loves, and when ?
shall I belie him to her, shall I swear
his faith is false, and beloves every where ?
I'le say he mockt her th'other day to you,
which will by your confirming shew as true ;
for he is of so pure an honesty,
to think (because he will not) none will lie :
or else to him I'le flander *Amaris*,
and say, she but seems chaste ; I'le swear she met me straying
me 'mongst the shady Sycamores last night,
and loofely offred up her frame and spright
into my bosom, made a wanton bed
of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
her willing body to be prest by me ;
there have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
together with mine own ; to make this show
more full of seeming, *Habinal* you know,
son to the aged Shepherd of the glen,
him I have sorted out of many men,
to say he found us at our private sport :
and rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort :
this to confirm, I have promis'd to the boy
many a pretty knack, and many a toy ;

as gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,
to shoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt ;
a pair of painted Baskins, and a Lamb,
soft as his own locks, or the down of swan ;
this I have done to win ye, which doth give
me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank ye ; these tricks might prevail
with other rustick Shepherds, but will fail,
even once to this, much more to overthrow
his fixed love from judgment, who doth know
your nature, my end, and his chosens merit ;
therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
which I have found : give second, and my love
is everlasting thine. *Swf.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
in the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
in whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
and but that matchless spring which Poets know,
was ne'r the like to this : by it doth grow
about the sides, all herbs which Witches use,
all simples good for Medicine or Abuse ;
all sweets that crown the happy Nuptial day,
with all their colours, there the Month of May
is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
there's not a graft on which was ever seen
the falling *Autumn*, or cold Winters hand,
so full of heat and vertue is the land
about this fountain, which doth slowly break
below yon Mountains foot, into a Creek
that waters all the valley, giving Fish
of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my grandam that is dead,
right wife in charms, hath often to me sed,
hath power to change the form of any creature,
being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
or shape 'twould please the latter down to crave ;
who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
me on her death-bed ; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow
that

that would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
before I trusted them into this deep,
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
this secret of her Art, if crost in love :
I'lle this attempt, now, Shepherd, I have here
all her prescriptions, and I will not fear
to be my selfe dipt : come, my temples bind
with these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find,
as you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
and bid the water raise me *Amor* ;
which being done, leave me to my affair,
and ere the day shall quite it selfe out-wear,
I will return unto my Shepherds arm ;
dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
and plack me up my self, whom freely take,
and the hot't fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me :
I long the truth of this well's power to see.

Exeunt.

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
where I appointed *Cle* ; do not miss,
thou bright ey'd virgin ; come, O come, my fair ;
be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
of honour stay thee from the Shepherds arm,
who would as hard be won to offer harm
to thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
or you great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
my flames as smooth and spotless as my youth :
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
whose easie current may at length be brought
to a loose vastness.

Alexis within. *Cle!*

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
and I must answer, *Cle* ! Oh the choice
of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
our hands shall give ! I charge you, all my veins
through which the blood and spirit take their way,
lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
those mutinous desires that else would grow
to strong rebellion : do not wilder show

then

Then blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis within. Cloe I and I thought me I did but

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again, and I

and I will meet it: let me not mistake.

Enter Alexis.

this is some Shepherd I sure I am awake: I am vexed to think

What may this riddle mean? I will retire,

to give my self more knowledge.

Alexis. Oh my fire, how thou consum'st me! Cloe, answer me;

Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,

calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full

of entertainment, ready for to pull

that golden fruit which too too long hath hung

tempting the greedy eye: thou stay'st too long;

I am impatient of these mad delays;

I must not leave unsought these many ways

that lead into this center; till I find

quench for my burning lust: I come, unkindly

Enter Alexis.

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,

that I may credit this for truth, and still

believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold

her yet untainted, and these sights but bold

illusion? Sure, such fancies of have been

sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen

daring to blind the virtuous thought with error.

But be they far from me with their fond terror!

I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe within. Cloe, hark, Cloe: Sure this voice is new,

whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,

tells me it is a woman: Cloe, tell

thy blessed name again.

Cloe within. Here, Oh what a grief is this to be so near,

and not encounter I

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met: draw me to you, and I will tell

Draw close into the covert, left the wet, which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,

soe through your startups.

Daph. Fairest, are you found?

How have we wandred, that the better part

of this good night is perisht? Oh my heart!

how have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss:

those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss

that charming tongue gives to the happy ear. I am untaught read's
of him that drinks your language ! but I fest
I am too much untaught'd, for too many ignorant daul
and almost grown lascivious, to intride
thee hot behaviours ; whose regard of sumt, dyp'd smot ai eids
honour and modesty, a verisome name, ou elibit aids ym and W
and such discourse as one fair sister may
without offence unto the brother say, (I am if malnour wodt wodt
should rather have been tendered a bit belives, a graft evn wth
here dwells a better temper, do not give us so
then, ever kindest, that my first salut, (best instructions to
seasons so much of fancy, I am thate
henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
suting to your sweet thoughts and chearfully, (to incouenant me
Indeed I will not ask a kis of you, (tis a greate evnt to them
no not to wring your fingers, but to sue
to shof a blsft pair of fisted stans for stolles, animund you i yd
all a young lovers swanning, all his wilts, (p. 14. v. 1. Ay.
and pretty wanton dyings, shall to me, (tis a greate evnt
be strangers ; onely to your chearfully, (tis a greate evnt
I am devoted ever. (b. 1. v. 1. Ay. v. 1. Ay.
first let me thank you, when return again, (tis a greate evnt
as much of my love : no, they are too cold, of our sinks of wretched
unhappy boy, not temp'red to my mold, (tis a greate evnt
thy blood falls heavy devanched, (tis a greate evnt
I am not fear'd to offend in boldness wins ; they never wear
deserved favours, that deay to take, (tis a greate evnt
when they are offered sticely. Do I wake still elsewher to see
to see a man of his youth, years, and feature, (tis a greate evnt
and such a toise as we call goodly creature, (tis a greate evnt
thus backward ; What a world of precious Art
we're meatly lost, to make him do his part ? (tis a greate evnt
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold, (tis a greate evnt
let men that hope to be belov'd be bold, (tis a greate evnt
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
so happily, our lives and fortunes set
upon one stake, to give assurance now,
by interchange of hands and holy vow,
never to break again : walk you that way, (tis a greate evnt
whilest I in zealous meditation sit, (tis a greate evnt
a little

a little this way : when we both have ended and closed up these rights and duties, by the shades befriended, and secerse of night, retire and find us both to muse and meditate in an aged Oak, whose hollownes may bide us both within his body, thither go we exp'ly and ferrely it stands within yon bottom. *Deus. Be it so. Bish. Deus.*

Clo. And I will meet there never more with thee, than Idle shamefastness. *Alex. within Clo.* *Clo.* 'Tis he that dare I hope be bolder. *Alex. Clo.* *Clo.* Now great Pan, for Syring sake, bid speed our plow. *Enter Clo.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Sullen Shepherd with Amorillis in a grot.

Sul. From thy forehead thus I take these herbs, and charge thee not awake, till in yonder holy Well, thrice with powerful Magick spells, fill'd with many a baleful word, thou hast been dipp'd; thus with my cord of blasted hemp, by Moon-light twin'd, I do thy sleepy body bind; I turn thy head into the East, and thy feet into the West; thy left arm to the South put forth, and thy right unto the North. I take thy body from the ground, in this deep and deathly wound, and into this holy spring, I let thee slide down by my string. Take this maid, thou holy pit, to thy bottom; nearer yet, in thy water pure and sweet, by thy leave I dip her feet; thus I let her lower yet, that her ankles may bewet; yet down lower, let her knee in thy waters washed be; there stop: Fly away, every thing that loves the day,

Truth that hath but one face, thus I charm thee from this place,
 Snakes that cast your coats for new, either edge to edge or has
 Camelions that alter hue, Hares that yearly sexes change,
 Provers altering oft and strange, Hicas with shapes three,
 let this Maiden changed be, with this holy water yet, to the shape of *Amar*,
 thus I draw thee free from harm up out of this blessed Lake,
 rise both like her, and awake, *She snakes,*

Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amar* to fight, or hast thou mist in any Magick right ; for want of which, any defect in me may make our practises discovered be ?

Sull. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand, whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet, I should so I should my self take thee for *Amar* ; thou art in cloaths, in feature, voice, and hue, so like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

Ama. Then this deceit, which cannot croffle be, at once shall lose her him, and gain thee me. Hither she needs must come by promise made, and sure his nature never was so bad, to bid a virgin meet him in the wood, when night and fear are up, but understood 'twas his part to come first : being come, I'll say, my constant love made me come first, and stay, then I will lead him further to the grove, but stay you here, and if his own true Love shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path, which say, her Lover lately troden hath ; He not be far from hence, if need there be, here is another charm, whose power will free the dazled sense, read by the Moons beams clear, and in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter *Peri.*
Sull. Stand

Sull. Stand clofe, here's *Perigot*, whose conſtant heart
longs to behold her in whose ſhape thou art.

Per. This is the place (fair *Amoret*) the hour
is yet ſcarce come. Here every Sylvan power
delights to be, about yon ſacred well,
which they have bleſt with many a powerful ſpell ;
for never traveller in dead of night,
nor ſtrayed beaſts have faln in, but when fight
hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
by help of them, ſo holy is the ground ;
but I will farther ſeek, left *Amoret*
ſhould be firſt come, and ſo stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret. *Exit.* *Amar. Perigot.* *Exit.*

Per. My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*
Sull. Now ſhe hath got
her own deſires, and I shall gainer be
of my long looکt for hopes as well as ſhe.
How bright the Moon ſhines here, as if ſhe strove
to ſhew her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret.*
to ſome new loved ſhepherd. Yonder is
another *Amoret*. Where diſfers this
from that ? but that ſhe *Perigot* hath met,
I ſhould have tane this for the counterfeiт :
Herbs, woods, and ſprings, the power that in you lies,
if mortal men could know your properties !

Amo. Me thinks it is not night, I have no fear,
walking this wood, of Lion, or the Bear,
whose names at other times have made me quake,
when any ſhepherdes in her tale ſpake
of ſome of them, that underneath a wood
have torn true Lovers that together ſtood.
Me thinks there are no Goblins, and mens talk,
that in theſe woods the nimble Fairies walk,
are fables ; ſuch a ſtrong heart I have got,
because I come to meet with *Perigot*.

My Perigot, who's that, my Perigot ?

Sull. Fair maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.

Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot* :
An hour together under yonder tree
he ſate with wreathed arms and call'd on thee,

and

and said, Why, Amor, layest thou so long? I beth. Mar then starting up, down yonder path he flung, blithed of yon fo left thou hadst mist thy way: were it day-light, and I wot he could not yet have born him out of sight, on so dark a day.

Amor. Thanks, gentle Shepherd, and balsaw my stay, which that made me fearful I had lost my way: as faint as my weak legs (that cannot be weary with seeking him) will carry me, I'll seek him out; and for thy courtesy, pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee. *Exit.*

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew! and was it not pity to deceive her so? When am I out of blood she pluck her garments up, and tript away, and with a Virgin-innocence did pray for me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here, me thought the beams of light that did appear were shot from her; me thought the Moon gavenone, but what it had from her: she was alone with me, if then her presence did so move, why did not I assay to win her love? she would not sure have yielded unto me; women love only opportunity, and not the man; or if she had deny'd, alone, I might have for'd her to have try'd who had been stronger: a vain fool, to let such blest occasion paix; I'll follow her: my blood is up, I cannot now forbear. *Enter Alex. & Cloe.* I come, sweet *Amor.* Soft, who is here? A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me, Cloe, I know ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alex, let us rest here, if the place be private, and out of the common trace of every Shepherd: for I understand this night a number are about the wood: then let us choose some place, where out of sight, we freely may enjoy our stolen delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found, no Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;

no maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies, and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep :
then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
and let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Clos. Then lie by me, the sooner we begin,
the longer ere the day defiry our sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon Name,
the greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
here where thou sit it under this holy tree
her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himself should come out of the lawns,
with all his troops of Satyrs and of Fawns,
and bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
a greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold earth never shalt thou move,
but lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Clos. Hold gentle shepherd, *Sull.* Fairer Shepherdess,
come you with me, I do not love ye less
than that fond man, that would have kept you these
from me, of more desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
to take her from me ; give me leave to die
by her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way, and she another,

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the sky,
and the stars, whose feeble light
give a pale shadow to the night,
are up, great *Pan* commanded me
to walk this Grove about, whilst he
in a corner of the wood,
where never mortal foot hath stood,
keeps dancing, musick, and a feast,
to entertain a lovely guest :
where he gives her many a Rose,
sweeter than the breath that blows
the leaves ; Grapes, Berries of the best ;
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my charge : here must I stay,
to see what mortals lose their way,
and by a false fire, seeming bright,
train them in, and leave them right :

then must I watch if any be
forcing of a chaffity ;
if I find it, then in haste
give my wreathed horn a blast,
and the Fairies all will run,
wildly dancing by the Moon,
and will pinch him to the bone,
till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death ! *Sar.* Back again about this ground,
Sure I hear a mortal sound ;
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
by the waters of this Well,
by the glimmering Moon beams bright,
speak again, thou mortal wight.

Alex. Oh ! *Sar.* Here the foolish mortal lies
sleeping on the ground : arise,
The poor wight is almost dead ;
on the ground his wounds have bled,
and his cloaths foul'd with his blood :
to my Goddes in the wood
will I lead him, whose hands pure
will help this mortal wight to cure.

Clo. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
doth pant, each bush, me thinks, should hide a beast :
yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where :
for from one cause of fear I am most free,
it is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloody with his wound ;
yet till that fearful shape made me be gone,
though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one ;
but now both lost : *Alexis,* speak or move,
If thou hast any life, thou art yet my Love,
He's dead, or else is with his little might
crept from the bank for fear of that ill spright.
Then where art thou that struck't my Love ! O stay,
bring me thy self in change, and then I'll say,
thou hast some justice. I will make thee trim
with flowers and garlands that were meant for him ;

Ile clip thee round with booke mine arms, as fast
as I did mean he should have been embrac'd :
but thou art fled. What hope is left for me ?
Ile run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
who I did mean to mock, though hope be small
to make him bold ; rather then none at all,
Ile try him ; his heart, and my behaviour too
perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble fight,
mixt with the horrour of my deed, and night,
that shap'd these fears, and made me run away,
and lose my beauteous hardly gotten prey.
Speak, gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
and tender love for love : but she is gone
from me, that having struck her Lover dead,
for silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
by her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.
But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close. Here comes young *Perigot*,
with subtle *Amarillis* in the shape
of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place
where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Befrew my tardy steps : Here shalt thou rest
upon this holy bank, no deadly Snake
upon this turf her self in folds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed :
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
over thy face when thou art fast asleep ;
here never durst the babling Cuckow spit ;
no slough of falling Star did ever hit
upon this bank ; let this thy Cabin be,
this other set with Violets for me,

Amar. Thou do'st not love me, *Perigot*. *Per.* Fair maid,
you only love to hear it often said ;

you do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me, but I do.

Per. What, shall we now begin again to woo? 'tis the best way to make your Lover last, to play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By *Pas* I swear, I loved *Perigot* and by you Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pas* I swear, and if I falsely swear, let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear my earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilst I do sleep fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep; I love thee better then the carefull Ewe the new-year'd Lamb that is of her own hue; I dote upon thee more then the young Lamb doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam, Were there a sort of Wolves got in my fold, and one ran after thee, both young and old should be devour'd, and it should be my strife to save thee, whom I love above any life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee choose another bed, and do't my fide refuse?

Per. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn 'twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he can make his *Amar*, though she weary be, rise nimblly from her couch, and come to his. Here, take thy *Amar*, embrace and kiss.

Per. What means my Love? *Amar.* To do as Lovers shou'd, that are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd. There's ne'r a Shepherdes in all the plain can kiss thee with more Art; there's none can feign more wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear soul, to try whether my heart be pure: Ile rather die, then nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastity is among women? *Perigot*, there's none that with her Love is in a wood alone, and would come home a maid; be not abus'd with thy fond first belief, let time be us'd:

Why do'st thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou haft slain.

Amar. Faith, *Perigot*, Ile pluck thee down again.

Per. Let

Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my brest
haſt with thy cunning diu'd ; art not in jeſt ?

Ama. Sweet Love, lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to ſee,
ſome bitter North-wind blaſt my flockes and me.

Ama. You were you low'd, yet will not do my will.

Per. O be as thou wer't once, I'll love thee ſtill.

Ama. I am ſtill as I was, and all my kind,
though other ſhews we have poor men to blind.

Per. Then here I end all love ; and left my vain
belief ſhould ever draw me in again,
before thy face that haſt my youth miſ-lead,
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.

Ama. O hold thy hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.

Per. Thou counſell'ſt well, firſt *Amoret* ſhall die,
that is the caufe of my eternal smart. *He runs after her.*

Ama. O hold. *Per.* This ſteel ſhall pierce thy luſtful heart.

The Sullen Shepherd ſtops on, and uncharms her.

Sul. Up and down every where,
I ſrew the herbs to purge the air :
let your Odeur drive hence
all miſte that dazzle ſenſe.
Herbs and ſprings, whose hidden might
alters shapes, and moeſt the fight,
thus I charge ye to undo
all before I brought ye to :
let her lie, let her ſcape,
give again her own shape.

Enter Amarillis in her own ſhape.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle ſwain, thou doſt miſtake,
ſhe whom thou follow'dſt fled into the brake ;
and as I croſt the way, I met thy wrath,
the only fear of which near ſlain me hath.

Per. Pardon, fair Shepherdes, my rage and might
were both upon me, and beguile'd my fight ;
but far be it from me to ſpill the blood
of harmless maidſ that wander in the wood. *Exit. Ama.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary ſtep in yonder path
poor hopeleſs *Amoret* twice troden hath

cast in by some Ravisher. See upon her breast a wound, on which there is no plaster bound. Yet she's warm, her pulses beat, 'tis a sign of life and heat. If thou be'st a Virgin pure, I can give a present cure: take a drop into thy wound from my watry locks, more round than Orient Pearl, and far more pure than unchaft flesh may endure. See she pants, and from her flesh the warm blood gusheth out afresh. She is an unpolluted maid; I must have this bleeding staid. From my bank I pluck this flower with holy hand, whose vertuous power is at once to heal and draw. The blood returns. I never saw a fairer Mortal. Now doth break her deadly slumber: 'Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath, and brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds, *Amo. Ay me* In wond'.

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee: I am this Fountains god; below, my waters to a River grow, and 'twixt two banks with Osiers set, that only prosper in the wet, through the Meadows do they glide, wheeling still on every side, sometimes winding round about, to find the evenest channel out. And if thou wilt go with me, leaving mortal company, in the cool streams shalt thou lie, free from harm as well as I: I will give thee for thy food, no Fish that useth in the mud, but Trout and Pike that love to swim where.

where the gravel from the brim
through the pure streams may be seen: now a Queen, and a Queen
orient Pearl, fit for a Queen, and reflixiq; on thine cheekes, when
will I give thy love to win, and a shell to keep them in: not a Fish in all my Brook
that shall disobey thy look; but when thou wilst, come sliding by,
and from thy white hand take a fly. And to make thee understand,
how I can my waves command, they shall bubble whilst I sing
sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the River sweet; and I will stand by thee
Think not Leach, or Ness, or Tad, will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod
Nor let the water rising high, As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me, And ne'er a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rulest this holy flood, I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
by thee a god: for ere this, but for thee, I should have
I should have shewn my weak Mortality: besides, by holly Oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a Shepherd swain, whose comly face, I know, the gods above
may make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true, Fairest Virgin, now adieu; I must make my waters fly, left they leave their Channels dry, and beasts that come unto the spring, miss their mornings watering; which I would not; for of late, all the neighbour people late on my bank, and from the fold, two white Lambs of three weeks old, were offered

offered to my Deity for which, this year they shall be free from raging floods, that as they pass, leave their gravel in the grafs: nor shall their meads be overflowed when their grafs is newly snow'n.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown, never from thy banks be blown any tree with windy force, cross thy streams, to stop thy course: may no beast that comes to drink, with his horns cast down thy brink; may none that for thy fish do look, cut thy banks to dam thy brook; bare foot may no neighbour wade, in thy cool streams, wife nor maid, when the spawns on stones do lie, to wash their Hemp, and spoil the frie.

God. Thanks, Virgin, I must down again, thy wound will put thee to no pain: wonder not so soon 'tis gone; a holy hand was laid upon.

Amo. And I unhappy born to be, must follow him that flies from me.

Aetus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind; she's gone, she's gone; blow high thou North-west wind, and raise the Sea to Mountains; let the Trees that dare oppose thy raging fury, leefe their firm foundation, creep into the earth, and shake the world, as at the monstrous birth of some new Prodigy; whilst I constant stand, holding this trusty Boar-spear in my hand, and falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot against

against thy self; believe me, comly Swains, if that thou diest, not all the showers of Rain the heavy clouds send down, can wash away that foul unmanly guilt the world will lay upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands, believe me, she is constant, not the fangs can be so hardly numbed as she wou'd bite, I do not trifle, *Shepherd*; by the Moon, and all those lesser lights our eyes do view, all that I told thee, *Perigor*, is true: go on, Then be a free man, put away despair, and will to die; smooth gently up that fair dejected forehead: be as when those eyes took the first heat. *Per.* Alas, he double dies that would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell with many worse companions: but, Oh death, I am not yet enamour'd of this breath so much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain in forcing of a wound, nor after gain of many daies, can hold me from my will: 'tis not my self, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Ama. Stay but a little, little, but one hour, and if I do not shew thee through the power of mid-well & flum of herbs and words I have, as dark as night, my self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight, her very figure, and the Robe she wears, with tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears of thine own Carving, where your names are set, wrought underneath with many a curious fret, the *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring, thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing else that she wears about her, let me feel the first fell stroke of that Revenging Steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope to give it entertainment, for the scope of one poor hour; go, you shall find me next under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext, and thus believing. *Ama.* Bind before I go, thy soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do

Harm or outragious wrong upon thy life,
till my return.

Per. By Pan, and by the strife
he had with *Phœbus* for the Mastery,
when Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Ministralfies*,
I will not.

Excuse.

Enter *Satyre* with *Alexis* burst.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I go,
with this burden full of wo,
through still silence of the night,
guided by the glow-worms light,
hither am I come at last ;
many a Thicket have I past,
not a twig that durst deny me,
not a bush that durst decry me
to the little Bird that sleeps
on the tender spray : nor creeps
that hardy worm with pointed tail,
but if I be under sail,
flying faster than the wind,
leaving all the clouds behind
but doth hide her tender head
in some hollow tree or bed
of seeded Nettles : not a Hare
can be startled from his fare,
by my footing, nor a wile
is more sudden, nor a fish
can be found with greater ease,
cut the vast unbounded seas,
leaving neither print nor sound,
then I, when nimbly on the ground,
I measure many a league an hour :
But behold the happy power,
that must ease me of my charge,
and by holy hand enlarge
the soul of this sad man, that yet
lies fast bound in deadly fit ;
heaven and great *Pan* succour it !
Hail thou beauty of the bower,

G

Whiter

whiter then the Paramour
of my Master, let me crave
thy vertuous help to keep from GRIEVE
this poor Mortal that here lies,
waiting when the destinie
will undo his thred of life;
View the wound by cruel knife
trencht into him.

Cler. What art thou call' me from my holy Rives,
and with thy feared name of death affright,
my tender ears ? speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
your lap with early fruit, and will,
when I hap to gather more,
bring ye better, and more store.
Yet I come not empty now ;
see a blossome from the bough ;
but besrew his heart that pull'd it,
and his perfect sight that cull'd it
from the other springing blooms ;
for a sweeter youth the Grooms
cannot shew me, nor the Downs,
nor the many neighbouring Towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him,
softly in mine Arms I bound him ;
hither have I brought him sleeping
in a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
in remembrance such youth may
spring and perish in a day.

Cler. *Satyre*, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
though thou beest outward rough and tawny hu'd,
thy manners are as gentle and as fair
as his, who brags himself born onely heir
to all Humanity. Let me see the wound ;
this herb will stay the current, being bound
fast to the orifice ; and this restrain
ulcers, and swellings, and such inward pain
as the cold air hath forc'd into the sore ;
this to draw out such putrifying gore,
as inward falls.

Satyre.

Sayr. Heaven grant it may do good.

Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood ; hold him gently till I fling water of a vertuous spring to the moon beams, pinch him thrice, that the labouring soul may draw from his great eclipse.

Sayr. I saw his eye-lids moving. Clo. Give him breath, all the danger of cold death now is vanisht ; with this Plaister and this unction, do I master all the fested ill that may give him grief another day.

Sayr. See he gathers up his spright, and begins to hunt for light ; now he gapes, and breaths again ; how the blood runs to the vein that earst was empty ! Alex. O my heart, my dearest, dearest Clo, O the smart runs through my side : I feel some pointed thing pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting of Scorpion.

Pan preserve me, what are you ? Do not hurt me, I am true To my Clo, though she fie, And leave me to this destiny ; There the hands, and will not lend Her smooth white hand to help her friend But I am much mistaken, for that face Bears more Austerity, and modest grace, More reproving and m're awe, Then these eyes yet ever saw.

In my Clo. Oh my pain Eagerly renewes again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest, till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires, provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires, commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

to execute, these must be purg'd, until
the vein grow whiter ; then repent, and pray
great Pan to keep you from the like decay ;
and I shall undertake your cure with ease ;
till when, this vertuous Plaister will dispense
your tender sides ; give me your hand and rise,
help him a little, Sayre, for his thighes
yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much blood.

Sayr. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not good
Mortal, you must leave your woeing,
though there be a joy in doing,
yet it brings much grief behind it,
they best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sayr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing,
by my head 'twere better missing
Brightest, if there be remaining
any service, without feigning,
I will do it ; were I set
to catch the nimble wind, or get
shadows gliding on the green,
or to steal from the great Queen
of Fayries, all her Beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest Sayre ; if the Cries
of any other that be hurt or ill,
draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
to bring them hither.

Sayr. I will, and when the weather
serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
with a line of finest silk,
and a rod as white as milk,
to deceive the little fish :
so I take my leave, and wish,
on this Bower may ever dwell
spring and summer.

Clor. Friend, farewell.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Amor, seeking her Love.

Amo. This place is Ominous, for here I lost my love, and almost life, and since have crost all these woods over ; never a nook or dell, where any little bird, or beast doth dwell, but I have sought him ; never a bending brou of any hill or glade, the wind sings through, nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds use to sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse their Valentines, that I have mist, to find my Love in. *Perigot.* Oh too unkind, why hast thou fled me ? whether art thou gone ? how have I wrong'd thee ? was my love alone to thee, worthy this scora'd Recompence ? 'tis well, I am content to feel it : but I tell thee, Shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear, forsaken *Amor* is yet as clear of any stranger fire, as heaven is from foul corruption, or the deep Abyss from light and happiness ; and thou maist know all this for truth, and how that fatal blow thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine fell on my life, but from suspect of thine, or fury more then madness ; therefore, here, since I have lost my life, my love, my dear, upon this cursed place, and on this green, that first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen a sight of so great pity, that each eye shall daily spend his spring in memory of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillius.

Amer. I am not blind, nor is it through the working of my mind, that this shews *Amor* ; forsake me all that dwell upon the soul, but what men call wonder, or more then wonder, Miracle ; for sure so strange as this, the Oracle never gave answer of, it passeth dreams, or mad-mens fancy, when the many streams of new Imaginations rise and fall :

'tis but an hour since these Eyes heard her call
for pity to young *Perigot*; whilst he,
directed by his fury, bloodily
lanc't up her breast, which bloodless fell, and cold;
and if belief may credit what was told,
after all this, the Melancholly Swain
took her into his arms, being almost slain,
and to the bottom of the holy Well
flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.

'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amore*,
and living yet; the great powers will not let
their virtuous love be crost. Maid, wipe away
those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
the storm that yet goes high; which not deprest,
breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest;
thy *Perigot* — *Amo*. Where, which is *Perigot*?

Amo. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
thee, and thy fortune; go and comfort him;
and thou shalt find him underneath a brim
of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run; Heaven grant me I may win
his soul again. *Exit Amore*.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
ye are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise, let us fit
and warm our bloods together till the fit
come lively on us. *Amo*. Friend, you are too keen,
the Morning riseth, and we shall be seen; I
forbear a little. *Sul*. I can stay no longer.

Amo. Hold, Shepherd, hold; learn not to be a wronger
of your word; was not your promise laid,
to break their loves first?

Sul. I have done it, Maid.

Amo. No, they are yet unbroken; met again,
and are as hard to part yet as the stain
is from the finest lawn. *Sul*. I say they are
now at this present parted, and so far,
that they shall never meet.

Amo.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so; for do but to yon hanging Mountain go, and there believe your eyes.

Suſſ. You do but hold off with delays and trifles; farewell cold and frozen basſifulness, unfit for men; thus I salute thee, virgin.

Amar. And thus then I bid you follow; Catch me, if you can.

Exit.

Suſſ. And if I stay behind, I am no man.

Ex. running after

(her.)

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night, do not steal away: I woote thee yet to hold a hard hand o're the rusty bitt, that guides the lazy team: go back again, *Bootes*, thou that driv'ſt thy frozen Wain round as a Ring, and bring a ſecond Night to hide my ſorrows from the coming light: Let not the eyes of men ſtare on my face, and read my falling; give me ſome black place, where never Sun-beam ſhot his wholsome light, that I may ſit and pour out my ſad ſpright like running water, never to be known after the forced fall and ſound is gone.

Enter Amoreſt looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom: ſpeak if thou be here, my Perigot, thy *Amoreſt*, thy dear, calls on thy loved Name.

Per. What art thou dareſt tread theſe forbidden paths, where death and care dwell on the face of darkneſs?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend, thy *Amoreſt*, come hither to give end to theſe conſumings; look up, gentle Boy; I have forgot theſe pains and dear annoy I ſuffer'd for thy fake, and am content to be thy Love again: Why haſt thou rent theſe curled locks, where I have often hung Ribands and Damask-Roſes, and have flung

waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay.
 sweeter then the Nosegayes on a Bridal day?
 why dost thou crost thine Arms, and hang thy face
 down to thy bosom, letting fall a space
 from those two little Heavens upon the ground
 showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
 than those that hang upon the Moons pale brow?
 Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
 the same I ever was, as kind and free,
 and can forgive before you ask of me.
 Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fair,

O you great working powers of Earth and Air,
 water and forming fire, why have you lent
 your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
 Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
 had Amoret; such words, so smooth and now,
 came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
 and such the pointed sparkle that did flee
 forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
 the Robe and Buskins, painted hook, and fraine
 of all her Body. O me, Amoret!

Am. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? who hath let
 so strong a difference 'twixt my self and me,
 that I am grown another? look and see
 the Ring thou gav' st me, and about my wrist
 that curious bracelet thou thy self didst twist
 from those fair Tresses: know' st thou Amoret?
 hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
 thy ancient faith?

Per. Still nearer to my love;
 these be the very words she oft did prove
 upon my temper; so she still would take
 wonder into her face; and silent make
 signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
 Shepherd, remember this another day,

Am. Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
 can there be heaven, and time, and men, and mort
 of these unconstant? faith, where art thou fled?
 are all thy vows and protestations dead?

the

the hands held up, the wishes, and the heart,
is there not one remaining, not a part
of all these to be found? why then I see
men never knew that vertue, Constancy.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till cro'st fate
brought Love and women forth, unfortunate
to all that ever tasted of their smiles,
whose actions are all double, full of wiles:
like to the subtil Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
this way and that way, to deceive the sent
of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
their speedy coming on that seek her fall,
the hands of cruel men, more bestial,
and of a nature more refusing good
then beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more then Nature meant,
when she created all, frowns, joyes, content;
extream fire for an hour, and presently
colder than sleepy poyson, or the sea
upon whose face sits a continual frost:
your actions ever driven to the most,
then down again as low, that none can find
the rise or falling of a womans mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or daies, or time,
or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
as wronging simple maid? O *Perigos*,
thou that wast yester day without a blot,
thou that wast every good, and every thing
that men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
from whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
thou that wast alwaies just, and alwaies blest
in faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
of Vertuous given thee, and made good the same
ev'n from the Cradle; thou that wast that all
that men delighted in; Oh what a fall
is this, to have been so, and now to be
the only best in wrong and infamy,
and I to live to know this, and by me

that low'd thee dearer than mine Eyes, or that
which we eſteem'd our honour, virgin-ſtate ;
dearer than Swallows love the early morn,
or dogs of Chase the ſound of merry horn ;
dearer than thou canſt love thy new love, if thou haſt
another, and far dearer than the laſt ;
dearer than thou canſt love thy ſelf, though all
the ſelf-love were within thee, that did fall
with that coy Swain that now is made a flower,
for whose dear ſake, *Eccō* weeps many a flower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame ?
lov'd worthily to get a wantons name ?
Come thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
and noife it to the world, my love is dead :
I am forsaken, I am caſt away,
and left for every lazy groom to ſay,
I was unconstant, light, and ſooner loſt
than the quick Clouds we ſee, or the chill Froſt
when the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
canſt thou not love again thy *Amores* ?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that bleſſed name,
I muſt not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
upon ſome lighter blood, that may be hot
with words and fained paſſions : *Perige*
was ever yet unſtain'd, and ſhall not now
ſloop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me heavens, to whom I call for right,
and you fair twinkling ſtarſ that crown the night ;
and hear me woods, and ſilence of this place,
and ye ſad hours that move a ſullen pace ;
hear me ye shadows that delight to dwell
in horrid darkneſs, and ye powers of Hell,
whilſt I breath out my laſt ; I am that maid,
that yet untainted *Amores*, that plaied
the careleſs prodigal, and gave away
my ſoul to this young man, that now dares ſay
I am a ſtranger, not the ſame, more wild ;
and thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delai'd, deni'd,
and almoſt ſcorn'd the loves of all that mi'd

to win me, but this Swain ; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no leis.
soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the Lad
that feeds his flocks down westward ; Lambs and Doves
by young *Alexis* ; *Daphnis* sent me Gloves ;
all which I give to thee : nor these, nor they
that sent them did I smile on, or ere lay
up to my after-memory. But why
do I resolve to grieve, and not to die ?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home ;
by this time had I found a quiet room
where every slave is free, and every brest
that living breeds new care, now lies at rest ;
and thither will poor *Amore*.

Per. Thou must.

Was ever any man so loath to trust
his eies as I ; or was there ever yet
any so like as this to *Amore* ?
for whose dear sake, I promise, if there be
a living soul within thee, thus to free
thy body from it.

Hebeats her again.

Amo. So, this work hath end :
farewell and live, be constant to thy friend
that loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot runs off.

Sayr. See the day begins to break,
and the light shoots like a streak
of subtil fire ; the wind blows cold
whilst the morning doth unfold ;
now the Birds begin to rowse,
and the Squirrel from the boughes
leaps, to get him Nuts and fruit ;
the early Lark that earst was mute,
carols to the rising day,
many a note and many a lay :
therefore here I end my watch,
lest the wandring swain should catch
harm, or lose himself. *Amo.* Ay me !

Sayr. Speak again, what ere thou be,
I am ready, speak I say :
by the dawning of the day,
by the power of Night and *Pan*,
I enforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Sayr. Yet more blood !
Sure these wanton Swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
dare commit so vile a part
as this murder ; By the Moon
that hid her self when this was done,
never was a sweeter face :
I will bear her to the place
where my Goddes keeps, and crave
her to give her life, or grave.

Exit.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another Cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my Love,
that from thy side I dare so soon remove ;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
my first made vow, the wildest of the wood
tear me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood ?
I go by wit to Cure a Lovers pain,
which no herb can ; being done, **He come again.** Exit.

Enter Thine.

The. Poor Shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
and seeing thy fair Clorins Cabin, die :
O hapless love, which being answere, ends ;
and as a little infant cries and bends
his tender Brows, when rowling of his eye,
he hath espi'd something that glisters nigh,
which he would have ; yet give it him, away
he throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
with something else : such my affection, set
on that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lies; did ever man but he
love any woman for her Conftancy
to her dead lover, which ſhe needs muſt end
before ſhe can allow him for her friend,
and he himſelf muſt needs the cauſe deſtroy,
for which he loves, before he can enjoy?

Poor *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
thee from thy pain, and keep my loyaltie:

Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightneſſ doth amaze:
ſo *Phabu* may at noon bid mortals gaze;
thy glorious conftancy appears ſo bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak ſight.

Clor. Why doſt thou pine away thy ſelf for me?

The. Why doſt thou keep ſuch ſpotleſſ conftancy?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd*, ſee what for thy ſake

Clorin, thy *Clorin* now dare undertake. *He ſtarres up.*

The. Stay there, thou conftant *Clorin*, if there be
yet any part of woman left in thee,
to make thee light: think yet before thou ſpeak.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I break,
I that already have my fame far ſpread
for being conftant to my Lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your love, how true,
if you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I leſe for thee.

The. Think but how bleſt
a conftant woman is above the reſt.

Clor. And offer up my ſelf here on this ground,
to be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why doſt thou wound
his heart with Malice againſt woman more,
that hated all the Sex but thee before?
How much more pleaſant had it been to me
to die, then to behold this change in thee?
yet, yet return, let not the woman ſway,

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor ſe delay,
who for thy ſake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The.

Then. Thou haſt not ventur'd, but bought certain shame,
your Sexes curse, foul falſhood, muſt and ſhall,
I ſee, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: yet turn.

Clor. Be juſt to me: ſhall I at once both loſe my fame and thee?

Then. Thou haſt no fame; that which thou diſlike good,
was but thy appetiſe that ſway'd thy blood
for that time to the beſt: for as a blaſt
that through a houſe comes, uſually doth caſt
things out of order, yet by chance may come,
and blow ſome one thing to his proper room;
ſo diſlike thy appetiſe, and not thy zeal,
ſway thee by chance to do ſome one thing well.

Yet turn.

Clor. Thou doſt but try me, if I would
forſake thy dear embraces, for my old
love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

Then. I do contemn thee now, and dare come neer,
and gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
austerity, which fate upon that face
is gone, and thou like others: false maid, ſee,
this is the gain of foul inconstancy.

Clor. 'Tis done; great *Pan*, I give thee thanks for it,
what art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Exit.

Enter Thenot again.

Then. Will ye be conſtant yet? will ye remove
into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No, let me die, but by thy fide remain.

The. There's none ſhall know that thou diſlike ever ſtain
thy worthy ſtrictneſſe, but ſhall honour'd be,
and I will lie again under this tree,
and pine and die for thee with more delight,
than I have ſorrow now to know the light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of women's race, and full of guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex; whiſt I thought
there was one good, I fear'd to find one nought:
but ſince their minds I all alike espy,
hence-

The faksfull Shepherdes.

henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

Cler. Blest be ye powers that give such quick redres,
and for my labours sent so good succes.
I rather choose, though I woman be,
he should speake ill of all, then die for me.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep,
see the blushing Morn doth peep
through the window, whilst the Sun
to the mountain tops is run,
gilding all the Vales below
with his rising flames, which grow
greater by his climbing still.

Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and Bottle for the field ;
clap your cloaks fast, lest they yield
to the bitter North-east wind.
Call the Maidens up, and find
who lay longest, that she may
go without a friend all day ;
then reward your dogs, and pray

Pas to keep you from decay.
so unfold, and then away.
What not a shepherd stirring ? sure the grooms
have found their beds too easie, or the rooms
fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day ;
knock, that they may remember what a shame
sloth and neglect laies on a Shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swain
this night hath known his lodging here, or lain
within these cotes : the woods, or some near town,
that is a neighbour to the bordering Down,
hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
or spiced Wassel-Boul, to which resort

all the young men and maid's of many a cote,
whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin, she v me the way that leads
to any of their haunts.

Old. This to the meads,
and that down to the Woods.

Priest. Then this for me ;
come Shepherd, let me crave your company.

Exeunt.

Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
and your wound begins to cure :
strive to banish all that's vain,
let it should break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid :
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain,
by thy choice herbs is almost gone again :
thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
at once, for what one hutt another heal'd.

Clor. May thy grief more appease,
relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
so mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,
that bear'lt me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
and dying, know I cannot injur'd be ;
I am a maid, let that name fight for me.

Satyr. Fairest Virgin, do not fear
me, that doth thy body bear,
not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
men are ruder far then we.
See, fair Goddesse, in the wood
they have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her brest,
so soft and white, that no wild beast
durst a toucht asleep, or wake :

So

so sweet, that *Adder, Newt, or Snake,*
would have lain from arm to arm,
on her bosom to be warm
all a night, and being hot,
gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her brest ;
a man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotless hand, on spotless brest
I put these herbs to give thee rest :
which till it heal thee, will abide,
if both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdess, thou art not found,
full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
so fair a face !

Clor. Why that hath brought it :
Amo. For ought I know or think, these words, my last :
yet *Pan* so help me as my thoughts are chapt.

Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my cure,
as all my thoughts are just and pure ;
some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
that will not let my Medicines work.
Satyre, search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
stronger yet : Oh here they be,
here, here, in a hollow tree,
two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
to my Goddess thus I bring ye ;
strife is vain, come gently in,
I fended them, they're full of sin.

Glor. Hold *Satyre*, take this Glass,
sprinkle over all the place,
purge the Air from lustful breath,
to save this Shepherdess from death ;
and stand you still whilst I do dress
her wound, for fear the pain increase.

Sayr. From this glas I throw a drop
of Christal water on the top
of every grass, on flowers a pair :
Send a fume, and keep the air
pure and wholsom, sweet and blest,
till this Virgin's wound be drest.

Clo. Sayre, help to bring her in.

Sayr. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
she is so light : lie on these leaves,
Sleep, that mortal senfe deceives,
crown thine eies, and ease thy pain,
maiest thou soon be well again.

Clo. Sayre, bring the Shepherd near,
try him if his mind be clear.

Sayr. Shepherd, come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Sayr. The better trial to endure.

Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
which will burn him if he lust ;
but if not, away will turn,
as loath unspotted flesh to burn.
See it gives back, let him go.
Farewel mortal, keep thee so.

Sayr. Stay, fair Nymph, flie not so fast,
we must try if you be chaste :
here's a hand that quakes for fear,
sure she will not prove so clear.

Clo. Hold her finger to the flame,
that will yield her praise or shame.

Sayr. To her doom she dares not stand,
but plucks away her tender hand,
and the Taper darting sends
his hot beams at her-fingers ends.
O thou art foul within, and hast
a mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alex. Is not that Clo ? 'tis my Love, 'tis she :
Clo, fair Clo.

Clo. My Alex. .

Clo. Let me embrace thee. Alex. He.
left her sight disturb his sense. Clo. Take her hence,

Alex. Take

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.

Clor. See his wound again is burst :

keep her near, here in the wood,
till I have stopt these streams of blood.

Soon again he ease shall find,
if I can but still his mind :
this curtain thus I do display,
to keep the piercing air away.

Enter Old Shepherd, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever ; 'tis in vain
to find them out with trouble and much pain,
that have a ripe desire, and forward will
to flie the company of all but ill.

What shall be counsell'd now, shall we retire,
or constant follow still that first desire
we had to find them ?

Old. Stay a little while ;
for, if the Mornings mist do not beguil
my sight with shadows, sure I see a swain :
one of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush, young Shepherd, to be known,
thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
and following what desire and present blood
shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
having forgot what tongue hereafter may
tell to the world thy falling off, and say
thou art regardless both of good and shame,
spurning at vertue, and a virtuous name ;
and like a glorious desperate man that buies
a poyson of much price, by which he dies,
dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
is foul disease, with present age and pain,
and then a Grave ? These be the fruits that grow
in such hot veins that only beat to know
where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night,

what the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
of any looseness ; musick, joy, and ease
have been to me as bitter drugs to please
a stomach lost with weakness, not a game
that I am skill'd at throughly : nor a Dame,
went her tongue smoother then the feet of Time,
her beauty ever living like the Rime
our blessed *Tyrrus* did sing of yore ;
no, were she more enticing then the store
of fruitful Summer, when the laden tree
bids the faint Traveller be bold and free ;
'twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
whose Lightning may inclose, but never stay
upon his charmed branches ; such am I
against the catching flames of womans eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandered ?

The. 'Twas a Vow

that drew me out last night, which I have now
strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to hear ye, Shepherd, if the heart
in this well sounding Musick bear his part.

Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,
since yesternight we met upon this Green
to fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
yet have I walkt those woods round, and have lain
all this same night under an aged tree,
yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
or Shepberdes, or drew into mine ear
the sound of living thing, unless it were
the Nightingale among the thick leav'd spring,
that sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
or our great Enemy that still doth howl
against the Moons cold beams.

Priest. Go beware
of after falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care.

Exit Thenot.

Enter

Enter Daphne.

Old. Here comes another stragler, sure I see,
a shame in this young shepherd. *Daphne* I

Daph. He.

Prie. Where haft thou left the rest, that should have been
long before this, grazing upon the Green
their yet imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
give me a little breathing, till I can
be able to unfold what I have seen ;
such horrour, that the like hath never been
known to the ear of shepherd : Oh my heart
labours a double motion to impart
so heavy tidings ! You all know the Bower
where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great power
fick men and cattel have been often cur'd ;
there lovely *Amoret*, that was assur'd
to lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
forc'd by some Iron hand and fatal knife ;
and by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
ever a Neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
receive my body, close me up from lust
that follows at my heels ; be ever just,
thou god of shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
that loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
in cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit :
let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast
sings through my slender leaves that I am chaste.

Priest. This is a night of wonder ; *Amarill*,
be comforted, the holy gods are still
revengers of these wrongs.

Amaril. Thou blessed man,
honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
hear me, and save from endless infamy
my yet unblasted flower, *Virginity* :
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

by

by thy chaste office, and the marriage bed
that still is blest by thee, by all the rights
due to our God, and by those virgin-lights
that burn before his Altar, let me not
fall from my former state, to gain the blot
that never shall be purged; I am not now
that wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow
to heaven, and thee, grave Father, if I may
scape this unhappy night, to know the day,
to live a virgin, never to endure
the tongues, or company of men impure.
I hear him come, save me.

Priest. Retire a while
behind this bush, till we have known that vile
abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
most loved *Amarillis*, let the chase
grow calm and milder, flee me not so fast;
I fear the pointed Brambles have unscac'd
thy golden Buskins; turn again and see
thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin, I can please
at first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
and give thee many kisses, soft and warm
as those the Sun prints on the smiling cheek
of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am sleek
and smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Enthus*
locks up his sulky winds, and nimbly thus
can shew my active youth; why dost thou flee?
remember, *Amarillis*, it was I
that kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
an everlasting hate 'twixt *Amore*
and her beloved *Perigot*; 'twas I
that drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
till time shall leave to be; then turn again,
turn with thy open arms, and clip the swan
that hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say:
I must not be deluded.

Priest.

Priſt. Monſter, ſtay,
thou that art like a Canker to the flage
thou livſt and breathiſt in, eating with debate
through every honest bosom, forcing ſtill
the veins of any that may ſerve thy will ;
thou that haſt offer'd with a ſinful hand
to ſeize upon this virgin that doth ſtand
yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holinesſe declare,
what haſt the danger been, iſ being bare
I haſt embrac'd her? tell me by your Art,
what coming wonders would that fight impart?

Priſt. Lust, and a banded ſoul.

Sull. Yet tell me more ;
Hath not our motheſ Nature, for her ſtore
and great increafe, ſaid it is good and juſt,
and wiſes that every living creature muſt
beget his like ?

Priſt. Ye are better read then I,
I muſt confeſs, in blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this beaſt along,
where he may ſuffer Penance for his wrong.

Exeunt.

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody.

Per. Here will I walh it in this mornings dew,
which ſhe on every little graſt doth ſteew
in filver drops againſt the Suns appear :
'tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleaſed. My wronged leve,
iſ thy chaſt ſpirit in the Air yet moove,
look mildly down on him that yet doth ſtand
all full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand ;
and though I ſtruck thee undeservedly,
let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
make leſs a fault which I intended not,
and let theſe dew-drops wash away my ſpot.
It will not cleanse, O to what ſacred flood
ſhall I reſort to wash away this blood ?
Amidſt theſe Trees the holy *Cloris* dwells,
in a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heals

all.

all wounds ; to her I will my self address, and my rash faults repentantly confess ; Perhaps she'll find a means by Art or Prayer, to make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair : yea, to amends that done, not far hence underneath some tree, Ile have a little Cabbin built, since the whom I ador'd is dead ; there will I give my self to strictness, and like Clorin live. *Exit.*

The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin,

Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other, the Satyre standing by.

Clor. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid, take example by this Maid, who is heal'd ere you be pare, so hard it is lewd lust to cure. Take heed then how you turn your eye on each other lustfully : and Shepherdes, take heed lest you move his willing eye thereto ; let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile of yours his weaker sense beguile.

Is your love yet true and chaste, and for ever so to last ?

Alex. I have forgot all vain desires, all looser thoughts, ill tempred fires, True love I find a pleasant flame, whose moderate heat can ne'r consume,

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me, whose chaste flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Joyn your hands with modest touch, and for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off Ile stand, and call her forth : for my unhallowed hand I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.

Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace to a poor Swain.

Clor. What art thou that dost call ?

Clorin.

Cloris is ready to do good to all :
come near.

Peri. I dare not.

Cloris. Sayre, see

who it is that calls on me,

Saty. There at hand some Swain doth stand,
stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come, *Cloris*, bring thy holy waters clear,
to wash my hand.

Clor. What wonders have been here
to night ! stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
wash and rub it whilst I rain
holy water.

Peri. Still you pour,
but my hand will never scowl.

Clor. Sayre, bring him to the Bower,
we will try the sovereign power
of other waters.

Saty. Mortal, sure,
'tis the blood of Maiden pure
that stains thee so.

*The Satyre leadeth him to the Bower, where he spiess Amoret,
and knelling down, she knoweth him.*

Peri. Whare're thou be,
be'ft thou her Spright, or some Divinity,
that in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
pardon poor *Peri*.

Amor. I am thy Love,
thy Amoret, for evermore thy Love :
strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove
as constant still. O couldst thou love me yet,
how soon should I my former griefs forget !

Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
doth seize me ; hast thou still power to forgive ?

Amo. Whilst thou haft power to love, or I to live,
more welcome now then hadst thou never gone
astray from me.

Peri. And when thou loy'st alone

and not I, death, or some lingring pain
that's worse, light on me.

Cler. Now your stain
this perhaps will cleanse again ;
see the blood that earst did stay,
with the water drops away.
All the Powers again are pleas'd,
and with this new knot are appeas'd.
Joyn your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest. and Old Shepherd.

Clerin. Go back again, what ere thou art, unless
smooth Maiden thoughts possess thee, do not pres
this hallowed ground. Go, Sayre, take his hand,
and give him present trial.

Sayr. Mortal, stand,
till by fire I have made known
whether thou be such a one
that maist freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up ; never was
more untainted flesh than this.
Fairer, he is full of blis.

Cler. Then boldly speake, why doft thou seek this place ?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face,
where all good dwells that is. Next, for to try
the truth of late report was given to me :
those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
through much neglect, and more ill goveriance,
whether the wounds they have may yet endure
the open air, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the dooth may be shall light
upon thofe guilty wretches, through whole spight
all this confusion fell : For to this place,
thou holy Maiden, have I brought the face
of these offenders, who have freely told
both why, and by what means they gave this bold
attempt upon their lives.

Clerin. Fume all the ground,
and sprinkle holy water, for unsound

and

and foul infection gins to fill the Air :
it gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair
of Ceasers fill'd with Frankincense and Mirthe,
together with cold Camphyre : quickly stir
thee, gentle Sayre, for the place begins
to sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
of those offenders ; let them not come nigh,
for full of itching flame and leprosie
their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
and shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
and so unheard-of venom : bid thee fast,
thou holy man, and banish from the chaff
these manlike monsters, let them never more
be known upon these downs, but long before
the next Suns rising, put them from the sight
and memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, let the sores
of these weak patients break into new gores.

Exit Priest.

Per. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
for time, or steel, or envy to do wrong ?
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas ! poor heart,
how much I was abus'd ; give me the smart,
for it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend, leave off to grieve,
and let us once more in despight of ill
give hands and hearts again.

Per. With better will
then e're I went to find in hottest day
cool Christal of the fountain, to allay
my eager thirst : may this band never break.
Hear us, O-heaven.

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else Pan break
with double vengeance my disloyalty ;
let me not dare to know the company
of men, or any more behold those eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd, with a kiss all envy dies.

Enter Priest.

Pris. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will, the swain
in whom such heat and black rebellions reign,
hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose face
shews much amendment, many a tear doth fall
in sorrow of her fault; great Fair, recal
your heavy doom, in hope of better daies,
which I dare promise; once again up-raise
her heavy Spirit, that near drowned lies
in self-consuming care that never dies.

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
the Air grows cool again, and doth begin
to purge it self; how bright the day doth shew,
after this stormy cloud? go, *Satyre*, go,
and with this taper boldly try her hand,
if she be pure and good, and firmly stand
to be so still, we have perform'd a work
worthy the gods themselves. *Satyre brings Amarillis in.*

Satyr. Come forward, Maiden, do not lurk,
nor hide your face with grief and shame,
now or never get a name
that may raise thee, and recure
all thy life that was impure:
hold your hand unto the flame;
if thou be'st a perfect dame,
or haft truly vow'd to mend,
this pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy waies, let never spot
henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the gods, and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess, now ye are brought again
to virgin state, be so, and so remain
to thy last day, unless the faithful love
of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
then labour to be true to him, and live
as such a one, that ever strives to give
a blessed memory to after Time.

Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again
these patients full of health, and free from pain :
keep them from after ills, be ever near
unto their actions, teach them how to clear
the tedious way they pass through, from suspect ;
keep them from wronging others, or neglect
of duty in themselves ; correct the blood
with thrifty bits and labour ; let the floud,
or the next labouring spring give remedy
to greedy thirst, and travel not the tree
that hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,
unless in sacrifice, or rights divine,
be ever known of Shepherds ; have a care
thou man of holy life. Now do not spare
their faults through much remissenes, nor forget
to cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
hath giv'n increase, and added to the dows.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy Clowns
that feed their heifers in the budded Brooms :
teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
may ever fear to tempt their blowing youth ;
banish all complements, but single truth
from every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,
let them still use perswading, but no Art :
thus, holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these
all the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
we pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Prie. Kneel every Shepherd, whilst with powerful hand
I bless your after labours, and the Land
you feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
from misfortune, and amend you,
keep you from those dangers still,
that are followed by your will ;
give ye means to know at length
all your riches, all your strength,
cannot keep your foot from falling
to lewd lust, that still is calling
at your Cottage, till his power :

¶ The faishfull Shepherdess. ¶

bring again that golden hour
of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
all diseases, sores or pain,
that in after time may reign,
either in your flocks or you ;
give ye all affections new,
new desires, and tempers new,
that ye may be ever true.

Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
sing to the god of sheep, that happy lay,
that honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
that was the soul and god of melody.

The Song. they all sing.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye vernes, and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or Brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd : Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lilles,
Let us sing
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young;
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Exeunt.

Say. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
thou most powerful Maid, and whitest,
thou most vertuous, and most blessed,
eyes of stars, and golden tressed

like

like *Apollo*, tell me, sweetest,
what new service now is meetest
for the *Sayre*? shall I stray
in the middle air, and stay
the sailing wrack, or nimbly take
hold by the Moon, and gently make
sute to the pale *Queen* of night
for a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
and bring thee Coral, making way
through the rising waves that fall
in snowie fleeces? dearest, shall
I catch the wanton Fawns, or flies,
whose woven wings the Summer dyes
of many colours? get thee fruit?
or steal from heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
to do her service all these woods adore.

Cler. No other service, *Sayre*, but thy watch
about these thickets, left harmless people catch
mischief or sad mischance.

Sayr. Holy Virgin, I will dance
round about these woods as quick
as the breaking light, and prick
down the lawns, and down the vales,
faster then the Windmil sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
all the comforts of the day,
such as *Phabu* heat doth send
on the earth, may still befriend
thee, and this Arbour.

Cler. And to thee,
all thy Masters love be free.

Exaudi.

FINIS.